

The Middlebury Galaxy.

"IN THE DARK AND TROUBLED NIGHT THAT IS UPON US, THERE IS NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON TO GIVE US A GLEAM OF LIGHT, EXCEPTING THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—WEBSTER.

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JUSTUS COBB, PUBLISHER,
BY WHOM ALL KINDS OF BOOK AND JOB PRINTING WILL BE EXECUTED ON SHORT NOTICE.

THE LAST CHANT OF CORINNE.
BY MARY E. HEWITT.

By that mysterious sympathy which chaineth,
Forevermore, my spirit unto thine;
And by the memory, that alone remaineth,
Of that sweet hope that now no more is mine—
And by the love my trembling heart betrayeth,
That, born of thy soft gaze, within me lies;
As the lone desert bird, the Arab sayeth,
Warms her young brood to life, with her fond eyes.

Hear me, adored one! though the world divide us,
Though never more my hand in thine be pressed,
Though to commingle thought be here denied us,
Till our high hearts shall beat themselves in rest;

Forgive me not! forgive me not! oh! ever
This one, one prayer, my spirit pours to thee,
Till every memory from earth shall sever,
Remember, oh, beloved! remember me!

And when the light within mine eye is shaded,
When I, overcast, sleep the sleep profound,
And, like that nymph of yore, who dooped and faded,
And pined for love, till she became a sound;

My song, perchance, awhile to earth remaining,
Still come in murmured melody to thee;
Then let my lyre's deep passionate complaining,
Cry to thy heart, beloved! remember me!

SARATOGA—the great, popular resort—the theatre of excitement—the focus of pleasure—the centre of beauty—the focus of fashion—the whirlpool of gaiety—the saloon of cold-water drinkers—the El Dorado of husband-hunters and wife-hunters—the notorious court of starched fools and blue-stockings, great men and little men, old and young, grave and gay—Saratoga, the great place of places—is, at the present writing, squeezed—jammed—crowded to overflowing, with a motley multitude of effeminate invalids—pleasure-seekers—fashionable visitors—hail from every quarter and every extreme of this great and glorious country. Every house, great and small—mansion, cottage, hut, and hotel—seeking with their four thousand guests and occupants—queer, kind, elegant, vulgar, and every variety of human nature—what a place Saratoga must be!—Mirror.

A LOVE SCENE.—Capt. Tobin, a clever and handsome man, who had been in Mexico, just after the U. S. troops had received orders to march—

"There are many bright eyes dimmed with tears. 'All my mother rose to my eyes' at a scene of distress in one family. A beautiful girl formed an attachment for a young Virginia Lieutenant, and loved him wildly and madly, as none but Spanish girls do."

"He had just paid his adieu to the family when I called to say my last good-bye. He was very sad, the young lady weeping bitterly, with a gentle elder sister holding one hand, and a fair younger one the other; her mother bent over her, endeavoring to console her; but the attempt was useless; the girl's very looks seemed to express plainly the language of Moore's translation of Anacreon's Sappho—

"Oh! my sweet mother, 'tis in vain,
I cannot weep, as once I weep;
No wilder'd eye has heart and brain
With thinking on the youth I love."

"I found I was de trop, and took my leave as soon as possible. If such a girl loved me I should not be a bachelor now; or, (with a not slight alteration of the words of Scott's great rustic bard)—

"Had such a maiden fallen to my part,
I'd try to charm her to my heart;
I'd show the odious signs of the switch,
I'd show her marks and love the charming witch."

NIAGARA OUTDOOR.—Among the cliffs of the Eastern Ghats, about midway between the Cape Corbin and the Cape Shiraz, and Cape Corbin, rises the river Shiraz, which falls into the Arabian Sea. The bed of the river is one-fourth of a mile in direct breadth; but the edge of the fall is elliptical, with a sweep of half a mile. This body of water rushes at first, for three hundred feet, over a slope at an angle of forty-five degrees, in a sheet of white foam, and is then precipitated to the depth of eight hundred and fifty more, into a black abyss, with a thundering noise. It has, therefore, a depth of eleven hundred and fifty feet. In the rainy season the river appears to be about thirty feet in depth at the fall; in the dry season it is lower, and is divided into three cascades of varied beauty and astonishing grandeur. Join our fall of the Genesee to that of the St. Lawrence, and then retrace the two united, and we have the distance of the Shiraz water surface. While we allow to Niagara a vast superiority in bulk, yet in respect to distance of descent it is but a mountain rival compared with its Indian rival—Rochester Democrat.

A POET.—A calm, blue-eyed, self-composed and self-possessed young lady in a villager down east, received a long call the other day, from a young lady, who, after prolonging her stay beyond her own conception of the young lady's endurance, came to the main question which had brought her thither: "I've been asked a good many times if you were engaged to Dr. C." Now if folks inquire as to whether you be or not, what shall I tell them? "Tell them," answered the young lady, fixing her calm blue eyes in unflinching steadiness upon the inquisitive features of her interrogator, "tell them you think you don't know, and that you are sure it is none of your business."—July Knickerbocker.

THE SISTERS.—The following account of a scene in the slave market of Constantinople, is taken from a work entitled "Wayfaring Sketches."

"Most interesting group presented itself before us; two young female slaves, both with most pleasing countenances, stood together, closely embraced, the arm of the one closely around the neck of the other; their attitude, as well as the strong likeness between them pointing them out at once as sisters. By their side was an African slave dealer, in whose ferocious countenance it seemed impossible to discern a trace of human feeling. He was armed, with a large, heavy stick, with which he drove them to and fro, literally like a herd of animals. Three or four Turks were discussing with tolerable animation the price of one of the women; but the bargain had been struck just before we came in, and one of the party, a stout, good-looking man, was paying down the money. When this was completed, with an imperious movement of his hand he motioned to his newly-purchased slave to follow him. It was the youngest and most timid of the two sisters whom he had selected. Nothing could be more painful than to watch the intense, the terrified anxiety with which both had followed the progress of the sale; and now it was concluded, and they knew that the moment of separation was arrived; whose fate had been sealed, disengaged herself, and, turning round, placed her two hands on her sister's shoulders, with a firm grasp, and gazed into her eyes. Not words, not tears, could have expressed one half of the mute, unutterable despair that dwelt in that long, rending gaze. It was hard to say which was most eloquent of misery; but the Turk was impatient; he clapped his hands together. This was a well-known signal. A slight tremor shook the frame of the young slave; her arms fell powerless at her side, and she turned to follow her master. The voiceless but agonized farewell was over. In another moment, we could just distinguish her slender figure trending its way through the crowd, in company with the other slaves belonging to the Turk. Her sister laid her hand behind her companions, and now sat on the ground, her head sunk upon her folded arms."

BEES.—Did any one ever sufficiently admire the entire elegance of the habits and pursuits of bees?—their extraction of nothing but the quintessence of the flowers; their preference of those that have the finest unadorned odor; their avoidance of everything squalid (so unlike flies); their eager ejection or exclusion of dirt from the hive, as in the instances of carcasses of intruders, which, if they cannot drag away, they cover up and entomb; their love of clean, quiet and delicate neighborhood; their places with brooks; their singularly clean management of so liquid a thing as honey, from which they issue forth to their work as if they had nothing to do with it; their combination with honey-making of the elegant manufacture of wax, of which they make their apartments, and which is used by mankind for none but patriotic or other choice purposes; their orderly policy; their delight in sunshine; their attention to one another; their apparent indifference to everything purely repulsive; their mutual assistance in the common good? Beautiful are those tapers without doubt, and well might the poet express his admiration at their being the result of the work of the little unconscious insect who compounded the material. So in every wealthy house of England, every evening, when lamps do not take their place, the same beautiful substance is lit up for the inmates to sit by, at their occupations of reading, or music, or discourse. The bees are there with their laborious ministry. In the morning she has probably been at the breakfast table. In the morning, she is honey; in the evening, the waxen taper; in the summer noon, a voice in the garden or the window; in the winter, at all times, a meeter of us in books.—Leigh Hunt's *Life of Honey*.

REMEDIES FOR FITS.

For a fit of Passion.—Walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

For a fit of Idleness.—Count the ticks of a clock. Do this for one hour and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next and work like a negro.

For a fit of Extraneousness and Folly.—Go to a work-house, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced.

Who makes his bed of brier and thorn, Must be content to lie forlorn.

For a fit of Ambition.—Go into the churchyard and read the grave-stones; they will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bedchamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and your neighbor.

For a fit of Resignation.—Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden and afflicted, and deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

For a fit of Despondency.—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world and at which he has permitted to his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for colubines and spiders will no doubt find them; while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

NOVELS AND INSANITY.—In the fourth annual report of the Mount Hope Institution for the Insane, by Dr. W. H. Stokes, he says, in respect to moral insanity: "Another fertile source of this species of derangement has appeared to be an undue indulgence in the perusal of the numerous works of fiction, with which the press is so prolific of late years, and which are now so prevalent over the land, with the effect of vitiating the taste and corrupting the morals of the young. Parents cannot too cautiously guard their young daughters against this pernicious practice. We have had several cases of moral insanity, for which no other cause could be assigned than excessive novel reading. And nothing is more likely to induce this disease than the education which fosters sentiment, instead of cherishing real feelings—such as result from the performance of active benevolence, sacred duty of ordinary life, and of religious obligations—which awakens and strengthens the imagination without warming the heart; and, to borrow the language of an eloquent divine, places the individual 'upon a romantic theatre—not upon the dust of mortal life.'"

MISCELLANY.

THE OLD MAID.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

"What a sour, repulsive thing Miss Crabb is, I declare I have no patience with her. It wasn't for dear, kind aunt Mary, I should think all old maids as unpleasant as Miss Crabb."

These were the first words which Clara Logan spoke after the departure of their unpopular visitor. Her mother quietly looked up from her work, but made no direct answer.

"She observed, however—'And yet it is not improbable, my dear, that you may, some day, be as sour as Miss Crabb, and an old maid in the bargain.'"

"How can you say so, dear mamma? I am sure I would rather die than survive to such a fate—the horrid, ugly, gossiping old thing! I never see her without thinking of a vinegar crout. If she ever had a grain of sweetness in her composition, it has soured long ago; and now she turns into acid every thing with which she comes in contact."

"Then my child, it is this very liveliness of fancy, and tendency to turn every thing into ridicule, which made me say you were in danger of becoming a second Miss Crabb. I knew her when she was as young and pretty as you are; and when the beaux dreaded her frown, and sought her favor almost as if she had been an empress."

"Her friends, said Clara. 'I thought she had always looked as now, with a face like a dried-up apple, and verjuice written in every wrinkle of her ugly face.'"

"My child—my child," said Mrs. Logan, "this sarcastic temper will prove your ruin. Really, you must learn to curb your love of ridicule; and that you may be assisted to do it, I will tell you Miss Crabb's story."

"Nobody," as I have said, was more admired when young than this now ugly old maid. She was full of gaiety, and very beautiful; accordingly, at every party and ball she was the star of the assembly. As sure as a strange beau appeared, he became her victim; it really seemed as if there was to be no end to her conquests. And Emily Crabb, indeed, was then a very estimable girl. She had but one glaring fault, and that was a sarcastic disposition. Her friends, her lovers, and her family suffered alike from the arrows of her tongue. When her parents remonstrated with her, she said she could not help it; it was her nature to be sarcastic; she did not see why people should blame her for seeing how ridiculous they made themselves! Every body probably has one or more foibles, and no one was more keen in detecting and ridiculing such than Emily. Thus, though she was continually gaining new admirers, she was losing old ones as fast; for each admirer, after a probation of a week or two, was sure to be made ludicrous in some way by Emily. The fact is, few equalled her in repartee and this she knew; but, instead of being generous, as conscious intellect ought to be, she never showed the least mercy."

"Her parents thought that when she came to be really in love, she would cure herself of this sarcastic manner; but a long confirmed habit is not so easily eradicated. Emily at last fell in love. The person of her choice was one of the noblest specimens of manhood. Charles Warner was a young physician of excellent character, a finished education, and no small share of talent. But he was not one calculated to shine in the empty small talk of society. It was for this very reason probably that Emily loved him. She knew the hollow terms of society, and she loved a man who looked down upon its littleness. How Charles Warner ever came to love so fashionable a creature as Emily, was a mystery to me; but he was charmed by her beauty, and for the time blinded to her imperfections. He hoped that she would be gradually weaned from gay life, and as his time was much taken up with study, he knew comparatively little of the extent to which she gave herself up to fashion."

"But Emily loved the income of flattery almost as much as she loved Charles Warner, and so she still continued to attend parties, and draw after her crowds of new admirers. Her engagement was a secret known only to a few, and, therefore, her presence was as welcome as ever by the beaux. Sometimes, finding her heart smote her, she would retire to her room, and, in the solitude, she would look down upon her littleness. How Charles Warner ever came to love so fashionable a creature as Emily, was a mystery to me; but he was charmed by her beauty, and for the time blinded to her imperfections. He hoped that she would be gradually weaned from gay life, and as his time was much taken up with study, he knew comparatively little of the extent to which she gave herself up to fashion."

"Oh! mother, I could never make fun of one I loved," interposed Clara.

"It may be you could not ridicule a lover, but I have known you to quiz your brothers and sisters, which is almost as bad," said Mrs. Logan.

"But to return. One evening, Charles Warner went unexpectedly to a party an hour or two earlier than he intended. The room, however, were already full. Emily had collected a circle around her, as usual. She was sitting behind one of the folding doors, screened from most of the company, so that she did not see her lover's entrance. Some one had been taxing her with a penchant for Charles Warner. She denied it eagerly, and in order to secure belief the sooner, began ridiculing him. There was just enough truth in the picture she drew to make it a good caricature, and her hearers, all of whom felt and were galled by Warner's superiority, laughed immoderately. Every word of this satirical conversation fell on her lover's ear."

"Few men were as sensitive for reserved persons as generally proud. He turned pale and staggered; but mastering his emotion, he suddenly confronted Emily, bowed coldly, and giving her a look she never forgot, left the room."

"He never spoke to her again. The next morning, after a night of tears, a letter was brought to Emily—it was from Charles Warner. He said, after what he had heard of her loving him, and bade her farewell forever. His love, he said, had perished at the same instant that he became convinced of the unworthiness of its object. This disappointment of the heart made Emily more satirical than ever. She never saw good in any one but herself. It seemed as if all her kind, maternal feelings, which she could not repress, were all turned to gall. From being a pretty girl, she has, as you know, become an ugly old woman. The kindness of her face has departed, and her bitter feelings are now stamped on the countenance so indelibly, that no stranger can mistake her character. Yet she was once beautiful, amiable, and beloved. Oh! my child, forbear the bitter tongue and avoid satirical wit. If you would not be shamed, it is better to be loved than feared."

"I will try," said Clara, in tears; "you have taught me a lesson I will not soon forget."

From the National Intelligencer.

NEW SCHEMES OF CONQUEST AND ANNEXATION OF TERRITORY.

Though every one must have foreseen the danger to be apprehended from the idle words and evil examples which are the residuary consequences of the Texan-Mexican War, the Public is not, we believe, aware how near at hand is the moment when those words are to find employment, and the example of first seizing territories of Mexico by an armed force, and then "annexing" them to the United States, is to be exactly followed out.

Near at hand, did we say? The moment has already arrived! We give notice of it to Congress, who are kept in ignorance of it, and to the People of the United States, who are not dreaming of it, except the few, very few, we trust, in proportion to the whole, who are in the secret of this conspiracy against the peace, the honor, and the reputation of our country—not to speak of the consequences more appalling than the loss of all these, which have been already sufficiently compromised by the wilful and wanton National war, just brought to a close, with results any thing but auspicious to the public weal.

Without further preface, we place before our readers, in the precise language of our authority, the annexation upon which we place entire reliance:

"The arrangements are nearly completed for the contemplated new Republic, to consist of the Mexican Provinces on the Rio Grande, with San Luis as the capital, Tampico and Matamoros as the sea ports. Gen. Shields is at the head of the movement, and is now probably at San Luis in general council to make the final arrangements. Many have already gone from New Orleans to meet him; the American force will not be less than five thousand men. Our Government [the Executive] were consulted, but they said that they would neither aid nor oppose it. They will aid it, notwithstanding their declaration. They can leave arms, ammunition, &c. at Tampico, & on the Rio Grande, and let the invading force take them. For their organization is the object, after the new Republic of 'Sierra Madre' has declared its independence of Mexico."

"I have a perfect horror"—adds our informant, in whose sentiments we entirely concur—"of this Annexation system. Texas and the recent Treaty Territory have been and will be the greatest curse that ever befell the country. We have only taken the first draught of the bitter cup, to the extent of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and the expenditure of two hundred million dollars. Would to God that that were all that the affair is to cost us? It is, however, only the beginning. This new Republic is to be the second act in the drama; but which God in his mercy defeat!"

Our own warnings and protestations against the combination of speculators and politicians to bring Texas into the Union, and against the specious purposes of the late treaty with Mexico, and the expenditure of two hundred million dollars, would to God that that were all that the affair is to cost us? It is, however, only the beginning. This new Republic is to be the second act in the drama; but which God in his mercy defeat!"

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The Washington correspondent of the New York Express furnishes the following information upon the same subject:

"The 'NEW REPUBLIC' is commented upon sooner than I expected, in the timely article of the Intelligencer this morning. One fact, however, is omitted, and that is, that General Shields has been in the pay of Gov. Buell, in this preparing all these nefarious schemes for a further annexation of Mexican Territory. The organs of the Government are playing the same infamous game in this matter that was played in the annexation of Texas. Nothing is done openly, nothing is sanctioned openly, but covertly all kinds of encouragement to a new Revolution, a new war, and ultimately new annexation, are being given. The Government is doing this without receiving a shilling alike injurious to its character and its moral existence."

You see invitations to the 'Buffalo Hunt,' emanating from New Orleans. A thorough arming of the hunters is urged, and weapons pointed out. All adventurers from Mexico, all adventurers in the United States, are urged to join in this grand scheme of conquest and war. The following is an advertisement of the 'Buffalo Hunters,' as published in New Orleans. The proposed hunting ground is to extend from the Gulf several hundred miles back, and from the Rio Grande to the Sierra Madre.

"BUFFALO HUNT on the Rio Grande. All those desirous of joining in the Buffalo Hunt on the Rio Grande next fall, are requested to send their names and addresses to the Grand Scribe of the O. O. O., on or before the first day of September next. They will state the number of persons in each party, their equipments, &c. Rifles, muskets, or revolvers must be furnished by each hunter. As the party may expect occasional attacks from the hostile Indians roaming in that section of country, it is recommended that each party should be organized and drilled before they start on the rendezvous. It is expected that many friendly Mexicans skilled in the sport, and acquainted with the habits and haunts of the animal will join the party. Due notice of the time of meeting and the rendezvous will be given through the public press."

GUTTA PERCHA.—What is it? This question is asked by thousands who have heard the name. It is a Gum, similar to that of the Caoutchouc or Indian Rubber, but thicker and heavier. Hose and gas pipes, boots and shoe soles, book bindings, canes, buckets, bags, cloaks, coats, and various other articles are made of it; and altogether, it may be considered the most valuable vegetable gum ever discovered.

FEARLESS OF GENIUS.—"Bill, where has Joe gone to?"

"I don't know; I guess he's in the kitchen, putting the cat in the tea-kettle. He's just cut her ears off."

Those Cannon.

Our readers have already learned that Congress has voted to restore to Vermont two field-pieces captured by the Green Mountain Boys at Bennington in 1777. The following are the proceedings of the House on this subject.

REVOLUTIONARY TROPHIES.

Mr. COLLAMER, by leave, introduced the following joint resolution:

Resolved, &c. That two brass field-pieces captured from the enemy at the battle of Bennington, in the State of Vermont, in 1777, now in the possession of the United States, be immediately well mounted, under the direction of the Secretary of War, and delivered to the Government of the State of Vermont, to be hereafter held as the property of said State.

The resolution having been read a first and second time—

Mr. COLLAMER addressed the House to the following effect: Mr. Speaker, a motion has now been entertained that when the House adjourns, it will adjourn to the 5th inst., and, therefore, for all the practical purposes of this House, the 4th of July. I therefore take this as a fitting occasion to present this resolution. I am sensible that the House has little or no time to devote to a subject of so little importance, and will therefore, for the sake of the country, present the history of the two field-pieces mentioned in the resolution, and the claim of Vermont to the same.

In 1775, before the declaration of Independence, and immediately after the commencement of hostilities with England, the people of Vermont, then called *The New Hampshire Grants*, captured the fortresses of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and therein took one hundred and thirteen pieces of cannon, six mortars and three howitzers, good for service. These all passed into the service of the United States, and the people of Vermont have received therefor no compensation. This constituted the basis of the artillery with which the war of the Revolution was achieved. In 1776, little but disaster attended the American arms. In 1777, General Burgoyne entered the country, from Canada, with his imposing army of invasion, the best appointed and best furnished army, though not the largest, ever landed in America. He captured Ticonderoga, opened the whole Northern frontiers, pushed forward to the Hudson, and spread consternation through the country. It should, however, be remarked, that he had some proper appreciation in Vermont. In the published journal of his expedition as it advanced will be found this entry of General Burgoyne: "The Hampshire Grants, in particular, a country unpeopled and almost unknown in the last war, (that is the old French war,) now abounds in the most active and most rebellious races on the continent, and hangs like a gathering storm on my left." There was a depot of provisions at Bennington, in Vermont, and a detachment of Burgoyne's army under Col. Baum was sent to capture it, and upon this detachment this gathering storm burst like a tornado.—Sir, I wish it remembered that no United States troops were present. It was the people of Vermont, assisted by their neighbors of New Hampshire under the gallant Stark, and a few bold neighbors from Berkshire, Massachusetts, who overthrew this army under Baum, behind their breastworks, and captured over seven hundred men, besides the killed and dispersed; and then it was that they took these two field-pieces. Did they not belong to that people? But, sir, they were wanted by the country. They were taken down to the Hudson, and constituted a part of the artillery in the battles of Bemis's Heights and Saratoga, which resulted in the capture of the whole British army. They have been retained by the United States ever since. Sir, the expenses of Vermont in the Revolution have never been settled or a dollar of them repaid.—Theirs at Ticonderoga, at Hubbardston, at Bennington, and even those of the last war, when Vermont rose en masse and went to the rescue of Massachusetts, have never been adjusted or a dollar paid therefor by this nation. All I now ask is, that you return to Vermont those two field-pieces, which you have kept twenty years, and now, having worn out their carriages, you have thrown them aside as valueless, outside your Arsenal; and there, sir, you may now see them, neglected and corroding, but there is chiselled on them the precious memento that they were captured at Bennington, 1777. This Government regards them as a national relic, and they should be preserved as such. May we have them? Will you remount and return them? To us of Vermont they are invaluable. We will put them in the vestibule of our granite Capitol, and they shall be kept bright in patriotic, filial, and grateful remembrance of our fathers' valor. Again I ask, may we have them?

The resolution was then read a third time, and passed unanimously.

WOOL TRADE OF MICHIGAN.—The wool trade of Michigan increases rapidly. The crop of the State last year was estimated at 1,700,000 lbs., of which 100,000 was a surplus for exportation. In 1841, the amount exported did not much exceed 20,000 pounds. The stock of sheep has increased during the past season, and the surplus wool of this year it is presumed, will reach 1,500,000 lbs.

ELOPEMENT AND MURDER.—A melancholy affair has taken place in the family of S. O. Peyton, M. C. from Kentucky. It appears that his daughter lately eloped with a young man, and the parties were subsequently married; but on their return home, an uncle of the young lady upbraided the husband for his conduct, and an angry altercation ensued, the latter drew a pistol, and shot the other party almost instantly. The wife of Mr. Peyton was so overwhelmed by the double affliction, that she is lying at the point of death.

LEGISLATIVE DIGNITY.—The Legislature of Wisconsin adjourned on the 19th ult., to attend a caravan which happened to be in Madison. Most of the members are young men, who had never "seen the elephant."

LUTHER SAYS:—"If I am to have a fault, I would rather speak too harshly, and thrust truth forth too unwisely, than to have played the hypocrite to any, and held truth in."

Great misery restores man to nature; it breaks through the restraints of habit and imagination, and levels before its mighty force all the magic intricacies which confine us within our allotted spheres.

A LETTER FROM MR. CORWIN.

WASHINGTON, July 20, 1848.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 14th inst. reached me half an hour ago, and I avail myself of my earliest leisure moment, to reply. I have seen in the papers from various parts of the country, contradictory conjectures as to the vote of this and that person, and among others myself.

I have never doubted as to my duty as a voter, since the nomination was made. It struck me, I did not wish Gen. Taylor, I preferred others to him. But a Convention of Whigs was called, expressly for the purpose of agreeing upon one of the five or six persons named. I was in favor of that Convention, as it was fairly conducted, I feel bound to sustain its nominee. Had the man been named that I wished, and the friends of Gen. Taylor had refused to sustain him, I am sure, I should feel warranted in charging them with bad faith. I cannot apply one rule to myself, and a different one to others. Had the Convention named a man who was not a Whig, or who was infamous and unworthy, I should feel in that case, absolved from any obligation to support such a man.

But General Taylor does not fall within either of these classes. He is a Whig. He is above suspicion or reproach in his personal character. He has proved himself worthy of every public trust confided to him; and that I think is a reasonable guaranty that he will not fail in this. I know the non-slaveholding States object to Gen. Taylor, that he lives in a Slave State and owns slaves. Did not Mr. Clay live in a Slave State? Does he not now? Was not Mr. Clay a slaveholder? Yet we were proud to vote for him, and I would now be proud to sacrifice more to place him in the Executive chair than I would for any man in America. And so would thousands of the purest and best men in the Free States. Thus, this objection is not insuperable, as we have seen. The non-slaveholding States should ask this question: Will the man propose? (whether he live in the State of Slavery or not) use his power for the extension of Slavery to Territory, where it does not now exist? On this point, what is Gen. Taylor's power? No more, I answer, than yours, unless he should exert it through his veto. Will he do this? I answer, according to his pledges, he cannot. He has said in his letter to Capt. Allison—"The personal opinions of the individual who may happen to occupy the Executive chair, ought not to control the action of Congress upon questions of domestic policy, nor ought his personal views, interpolated, where questions of constitutional power have been settled by the various departments of the Government, and acquiesced in by the people."

If Slavery is extended anywhere in Territories, must be done by act of Congress. Is it not a question of "domestic policy?" Clearly it is. Has it not been settled that Congress has the constitutional power to prohibit slavery? The Missouri Compromise, and various other similar exceptions of the power by Congress, recognized by every department of the Government, answers this question in the affirmative. An all-knowing that this has been acquiesced in by the people. Thus, then, it is clear, that the people, if they wish to restrict Slavery to its present limits, have only to elect the proper men to Congress; and they will be a law, uncontrolled by that much abused veto power.

I judge, the doctrine of Gen. Taylor on the subject of the veto, as laid down in the letter above quoted, (intended for publication and therefore to be considered a pledge,) is in my judgment, of more value as a principle in our system, than any which has been advocated by the Whigs since the Revolution. This despotic power by its use and abuse, has, for the last few years, extended its tyrannical grasp to every, even the minutest question of legislation. It has ranged, uncontrolled, over our whole system of domestic policy, from the establishment of a bank down to the erection of a harbor at the mouth of a creek. Every act of the Congress of a free people has thus been made to square with the judgment or caprice of one man. Such a Government is an accurate definition of a despotism. It is true it only continues for four years in one hand; but it is none the less a despotism while it lasts, and if it is to be longer tolerated, will be continuing the only change being the transfer of absolute power, from the hands of one petty tyrant to his successor. An honest man, as Gen. Taylor is admitted to be, with such opinions and reasonable intelligence, which even his enemies concede, cannot make a bad master of the veto. How can you, who denounce the Mexican war, vote for his veto? My answer is to me plain and obvious: Gen. Taylor was an officer in the regular army. He took his commission when a youth. He contracted to fight when and where his country called, and to obey the orders of his superiors in command.—The President was Commander-in-Chief. He ordered Gen. Taylor to obey. He acted as Scott and hundreds of others did. It was his duty, the view of their duty, taken by all officers, of the army and navy. It is a very different question with the volunteers.—The Government requests—it does not command a citizen—to volunteer his services in a foreign war. The Government can compel the militia to repel invasion," but it cannot force beyond United States limits, a single man, except he is in the regular army. In the speech which I have been so much condemned by, men who never read it, I took this distinction. It is too obvious to escape any one who chooses to think.

I intended to say a word concerning Gen. Cass, but I have not the time, and need not tax your patience farther. I will only add, that in my judgment, his views of public policy, are more pregnant with danger to the Republic than those of any prominent politician ever yet promulgated in this country—and if carried out, as I fear they should be, should be successful, would be fatal to the happiness of the people, and end in the total subversion of our present form of Free Government. His wild schemes of wars of conquest, and unbounded annexation of all neighboring countries, and all sorts of population, are fraught with evils, in my judgment, quite too obvious to need illustration,—to say nothing of the reckless disregard of rights, which they imply. That he entertains these notions sincerely, (as I am willing to admit,) only renders him the more dangerous. If he were not in earnest, he would only be a demagogue, and might be expected, when such pretences had served the purpose of an election, to change, (as he has recently on other subjects) his opinions. Between two such men, I cannot hesitate. I know I differ with good men and good Whigs, but I must obey my convictions of duty, and cheerfully yield to them the same right. Truly your friend,

THOS. CORWIN.

J. M. CLEMENTS, Blooming Grove, Ia.

The Washington Union contains the following attack upon General Taylor:

"There can be no doubt about Gen. Taylor, as being opposed to the extension of slavery. His letters to Gen. Gaines and others are proof of this fact. THAT HE LIVES IN A SLAVE STATE IS NO ARGUMENT THAT HE WISHES ITS EXTENSION. THOUSANDS OF THE CITIZENS OF THE SOUTH BELIEVE SLAVERY TO BE WRONG IN EVERY ASPECT IN WHICH IT CAN BE VIEWED."

A DULL SUMMER AT THE EAST.

Eastern journals contain many sorry accounts of the state and prospects of trade in that region. It is a subject of remark that while manufacturers in England appear to be rising from the depression to which they as well as the manufacturers of this country have for two years been subjected, and are increasing their works, our own mills are stopping to an unprecedented extent.

In addition to the stoppages of factories before noticed, the last mails bring intelligence of some half dozen others.

The Perry Cotton Mill, one of the largest cotton manufacturing establishments in that town, will stop running after the 19th inst., owing to inability to sell their goods except at a ruinous loss.

The Middlesex Mills at Lowell, says the *Salem Register*, which works with great success in their stock of goods last fall, by selling them at auction in New York, are now only running one-quarter part of their machinery. Most of the mills at Andover have stopped work, and the Salisbury Manufacturing Co. have stopped more than half of their machinery.

The Northampton papers state that the extensive Woollen Mills of Gilbert & Stevens, at Ware, and the Mills at Clapville, are winding up their business for the present, owing to the large stock of goods remaining unsold.

The *Leicester Falls (Me.) Journal*, says that the Woollen Mills at that place have stopped work, in consequence of the low price and limited demand for their goods; and that the Flannel Factory at Sabattusville, will stop in a few days.

The James Mill at Newburyport according to the *Herald* of that place, will stop probably for a while, taking advantage of the depression of business at the present time, to repair their machinery.

More than 800